14.

THE BELLOWINGS OF A VVild-Bull: OR, SCROGGS's ROARING LAMENTATION FOR BEING IMPEACHED OF High-Treason.

WHAT a damn'd Fool was I, that I did not run away in time? Could not I have had the Wit of *Wakeman*, put my ten thousand Bagg of *Guineys* under my Arm, and Trooped off to drink the Waters of *Burboon*? A dull Beast! to stay thus to be Nooz'd: I was often told of a *Parliament*, but by the *Popes Toe*, I never believed that the King would call one: Now Mr. *Courtiers* where are you to assist me? You that have made use of my *Munkies* Foot, to scrape the Chest-nut out of the Fire, you'l behang'd your selves, ere you'l part with your *Guineys* to help me at a dead lift. I see now I was a mear *Ox*, out upon it, to be outwitted thus! How did they promise to stand by me, Yes, yes, so they will, and laugh in their Sleeves, to see me Hang'd.

Was it for this, I perverted Justice, did things contrary to both the Law of God and Men? Oh, Oh, Oh, a PARLIAMENT, a PARLIAMENT! what a dreadful Sound does that Word leave in

a Guilty Ear. I did not believe they would have proved such a sort of Men, as I find they are: A *Probing*, a searching PARLIAMENT! Would I might *Curse* 'um sufficiently, and vent my self as I used to do on the Bench, against those little people that used to teaze me. Who would ever have thought, this PARLIAMENT would prove what it has done? When my Brother of the *North*, and I, were sent down from the House of Lords, in a Message to the House of Commons, I viewed their Countenances, and my thought they did not frown upon me, I imagined that the bitterness of Death was past, when I was entertained so Civilly; but, by *my Bagg of Guineys*. I was wickedly mistaken!

I find a PARLIAMENT is not so easily to be Bribed, tho Mr. *Courtier* had told me they had once upon a time found out a way to Bribe PARLIAMENTS, but it seems, that Trick would not pass upon this PARLIAMENT, the more's my ill Luck.

Oh! Oh! Oh! What will become of me? I can expect no Mercy, because I had none my Self, now all my Crimes will be ennumerated against me: Nay, who would think it, I find my own Conscience too like an uncivil *Bandogg* flying in my Face, and ready to tear out my Throat!

I was never more drunk with Wine (and Sir *George* and my Partner the Goaler, have many times dusted it away) than I am now with *Possion*. Oh! How I could tear 'um to pieces for thus disturbing me. I had hoped by this time to have seen the days of Queen *Mary*, that I might have pil'd those cursed barking Doggs, that used to torment me, up in heaps like Faggots, and then have set them on Fire: Oh! I thought to have made the World to have Trembled, and to have fill'd the *Prison and Goals* with them all.

I would have bin worse to them than Bloody *Bonner*. I would have grounded them, could I have had my Will, for taking Notice of my Actions on the Bench.

But now all these CURRS are got loose and are ready to whorry me. By Heavens! what shall I do? They bring all my Crimes publickly on the Stage, they forget nothing, Pox of their Memories.

There is *Care*, a Divelish Rogue, the Pope, the —— and I, will never forget him, he remembers my Box for Suppressing his Pacquet, and (if I could I would have hang'd him too, yet,) next to *Wakeman's* Jobb, and the Jury, that was one of the best peices of Service, that ever I did in my Life. There is *Smith* and *Harris*, Cry out, *no Bail, no Bail*. Oh! That I could have stop'd their Mouths with *Fire Balls*, or have Hang'd them out of the way, as well as *Fin'd* them, then they had not liv'd to have done me this mischief.

miſchief. There is one *Curtis* his Wife too, a Plaguy Jade, whom I thought I had Hamperd pretty well: I Jailed her, and offer'd to bring Knights of the Poſt to Swear her Husband was Dead, but now I find both He and She are yet Alive. Nay the Houſe will not ſo much as forget my diſcharging the *Middleſex* Jury, againſt Law or Preſident, nor any other of my Crimes. But have Printed and publiſhed them to the World, that I may be ſeen in my proper Colours!

A Plague of my Starrs, that ever I ſhu'd be Born in a Time of Printing! by *Wakemans* Soul, I hope *he's* Frying in Hell, that firſt invented that Heretical Art; I thought to have ſent all thoſe mangy Bookſellers, Printers, *&c.* to the Devil by whole Sale, and to have ſet up an *Inquiſition* againſt Printing.

If the Rogues were then ſo bold with me, notwithſtanding all my ſeverity, what will they now do? they murther'd my Name before, and wrote *Scrggs*, when they had ſome fear of me, but now they write plain *SCROGGS*, and ſet it in Capital Letters; they leave my Titles too, and ſeem to care no more for me, than for a Butchers-Brat in a Hand basket. Now ſhall I have more *Scroggs* upon *Scroggs*, Satyrical *Poems*, wicked *Lampoons*, odious *New-years Gifts*, damnable *Looking-glaſſes*, plaguy *Memorandums*, and ſuch like, bawled about the Town. Thus theſe Rogues, Villains, Doggs, Raſcals and Heretical Currs, will perpetuate my Memory when I would be forgotten. I cannot leave my wonted Language, they have put me into a *Fuſtian Fume*, worſe than when I *abhorred* Petitioning, and railed ſo bravely againſt Petitions. But ſtay, let me think of ſome thing to comfort my ſelf; I have ſome fellow ſufferrers 'tis true, but alas! they are ſcarce taken notice of, 'tis I bear the burthen; O! the People have a dear love for me, I ſee they ſtand ready to devour me; ſome Cordial quickly, *Sirrah* I am ready to faint, O! my Heart grows cooler, I can Roar and Bellow no longer, a diveliſh *Qualm* has ſeized me. Hah! *Impeached of High Treaſon*, what! what! 'tis no jeſting matter, a *Lord Chief Juſtice*! But what of that? my *Gown* will not defend me. I thought the Lords in the *Tower* had been ſafe enough, and I thought I had pretty well Confounded the PLOT, and affronted the Kings Evidence, but I ſee a Parliament can do ſtrange things; they have taken off one of the Heads of the *Lords* already, that I have ſeen: they will have Juſtice done, without any reſpecting of perſons. What will they *Hang* a Lord Chief Juſtice? aye, aye, they fear nothing, Nay, I am told of *Thorp* and *Triſilian*, *Emſon* and *Dudly*, and ſuch like men: O terrible! O terrible! *Triſilan* was a *Lord Chief Juſtice*, and was Hang'd at *Tyburn*, a very ill Example. I never thought things would have been brought to this paſs; 'tis a Plague I did not foreſee!

ſee! I had many hopes and aſſurances that this would never be: truly I had imagined farr other things in my Head, but I ſee I was miſtaken, all things in this World look ſcurvily and ill, and with a dreadful Hue: but my *Conſcience* is alſo preſenting Viſions before the Eye of my Mind, and my ſecret Sins and Debaucheries are ſein order before my Eyes: Nay, my Memory is alſo ſtrangely toucht ed, and I remember I have read in the Scriptures, ſuch like places, which might have deterred me from my Wickedneſs. *They that plow Iniquity and ſow Wickedneſs reap the ſame.* Job. 4. 8. *We are wearied in the way of Iniquity and Perdition, and the way of God have we not known. What profit have we received of all our Pomp and Pride? They are now paſt as a ſhaddow, and as a Meſſenger that rideth in Poſt, and we are conſumed in our own Iniquities. Thou ſhalt do no unrighteouſneſs in Judgment, thou ſhalt not reſpect the perſon of the poor, nor honour the perſon of the mighty, but in righteouſneſs ſhalt thou judge thy Neighbour. Curſed is he that perverteth Judgment. To do juſtice and judgment, is more acceptable to the Lord than Sacrifice. Rob not the poor, becauſe he is poor, neither oppreſs the afflicted in the Gate. The integrity of the upright ſhall guid them, but the perverſneſs of Trangreſſors ſhall deſtroy them. I know your mighty Sins, you take a Bribe and turn a ſide the poor in the Gate from their Right.* Alas! alas! I had quite forgot all theſe Scriptures; and, ſee! that I ſhould think of them now. Is there no hopes then? No! I fear I ſhall not find a *Judge* ſo kind to me as I was to *Wakeman*: Well, I will go and prepare my ſelf for another World, for I have very little hopes of continuing long in this; I have little to ſay for my ſelf, when I come to the Gibbet, my Crimes are ſo evident, plain and notorious. But I will write my own Narrative, before I dye, that all Corrupt, Evill and Arbritary Judges, may take warning by me, how they diſpence *Juſtice* and execute *Judgment*.

FINIS.

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